SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XIX. | PUBLISHED BY GEO. R. GRAHAM & CO. No. 36 Carter's Alley, Below Third street—Opposite the Girard Bank. | PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 25, 1840. | TERMS: $2 PER ANNUM. $2 IF PAID IN ADVANCE. $1 25 IN ADVANCE FOR 6 MONTHS. | WHOLE No. 978.

A Paraphrase of Melodii.

A sound on the flute,
A sound at the gate,
I hear the sound loudest
Next to her mate;
In the thicket at midnight,
The trout for the pot
That staid all their time and knew
All the timing of the;
For wrath is discharging
On Tunis agreed low;
It shall come into a cloud,
It shall carry like a shroud;
Till, like thunder, the sloops
In a sanguinous shower
Fall headlong!—the cannon
When all shall be flame.
Where, Time! the orchard sit
Shall come the season,
When the bark of the hollows
Of death shall be etcetera,
When thy love, by the lightning,
Fear every shall be seen,
When the cross, unkindled
By mortal hands shall burn,
And who shall then shall glow
In that furnace of it,
Shall be cast shall return.
To the darkness of that town,
The archangel will proclaim!
No sense on the double
Of the last morning shall then
No starlight shall pierce
Through the shrieking haze,
Nor sun from the east
Like a bridegroom shall issue,
But when I intend to marry
To final despair,
It is a hymn of all height
Unto God, Light of Light.
Her sun shall never
Her great showings be there!

Then the spectators of those,
From his wonder shall be burnt t
Shall smite the crowned knee
Of the Christ of Time
The engineer of Age!
The trumpeter shall blow
From the tops of the world
His dreadful sound shall
For centered to glory,
Thy summons shall come
And from shrieking shall
Shall an end the past stone.
Lost Judah shall be
Like the wind from the tomb!

Who rushes from Heaven?
The angel of the mighty
For whatsoever his song,
And his lightning his path
His hand is uplifted.
To universal worlds
To swallow as boundless
The earth and the sea!

J. J. Morton.

THE BRIDEGROOM OF ETERNITY

FROM THE FORTHCOMING BOOK OF A MANIAC.

—College, Oxford, January 3, 1833.

You see I am here, and every thing in this place experience are fast flowing into the ocean of Little consciousness have I had with my self, even while the hours have been full of and bitterness. Entering the College on my day of life, I sought with avidity the fountain of knowledge; but I sought it in vain. I found it a labyrinth, in which I was lost to all other on my lips! Many were to me at least many so called themselves, but I, had the darkness never flowed from me, from the cold nothingness of society, and that I stood on the brink of a deeper pit, the forthcoming of which I dreaded. I was wrapped up in its own nothingness. Chaos and Night, with their attendant realms, moral because immortality was unconscious too weak to resist on. Nothing was to me, and I was not. Yet I felt not, for I was not. Pain, the sting—no hope! Beyond it, a vague anxiety, a sluggish quiet dare not strive to fill Death, the pale shade, the dark, was to me. I lived not, and when death shall find the shell he has already killed, I shall die not. In vain I strove to rouse myself from lethargy, nor could I burst the light and warmth of friendship to me—the sunny smile of youth hath to me no charm. Spiritual sympathy I found the fountain of wholesome have flowed the warm streams of human sympathy over me. Books—study—I shrank. Shame I had dreamed their fountain ever dried.—but they will flow no more. the last discharge of humanity flowing from the sympathetic with all but myself. I could tell the tale of the woes that blasted me, but the cold world would only mock and scoff at the tale. Of all I might have been—in better days I wrote measures of which brought down heaven to earth—and yet which I have forgotten. Memory hath perished stained me also—I can and not value. I was very proud, and yet I did my happy thoughts with a drop of its and I was very sensitive, a stranger of warm joy; and they —yet not all a fen—a very for the cankered sodden, but the wa- were joy to them would gall to me, and I pelled, or they were miserably cheated— not which. A future would may per- deceive—they are useless now—no more ache—gall and wormwood. I cast them from me, and dried deceivers, and I bury your pain into a wounded spirit, or that blow to a broken heart; which, I know, was but cruelty—but which I intend for an everlasting omen in Heaven; the commission of spirits; the perfecting of other and higher natures. Of all the splendid stores of the gentleness of woman with the proud is of more ennobled; the calming the pride of man with the exceeding goodness of woman. Of all the treasures of woman in Heaven; and such, if on earth we be not united, will be ours. In this, hopefully, shall be the strength of my love, for God loves purity in love.

He ceased, and we separated; he to the cool calm confidence and serene joy; I to the sleepless dark of the night, and restless spirit.

That night a dream of desolation was upon me. The bright moon, on which we had so lately gazed, was before me still, silvering hill and dale, with its pallid beams; but there was a fearful tremor in the air; the breezes sighed mournfully as they passed along, and mountains like dark leaves rustled. I looked, and a black cloud was drifting in the distance; slowly it spread over the face of the heavens, and the stars one by one sank beneath it. Even the bright moon at length was hidden. Then, methought a pale figure sped across the heavens, and its eyes were veiled with its own bright wings, and it opened its thin hands in despair, and cried aloud, "Death! death!" and all nature shook, and every leaf and flower and tree, and every odorous flower were mortality, and their echo was still "Death! death!" I awoke with excess of pain—I started—for Willie was weeping by my side.

"She is dead!" the words choked in his throat, and he rose hastily and left me alone.

"She is dead!" I repeated, and fled are all his bright hopes—one reminder in the after-cord, and broken the golden bowl; fled is the dream of love, and for ever! Her beautiful form is gone—gone, and the world around is but golden hair, and he returned my affection with warm and open hearted confidence. He spoke to me of love—the faithful love of woman—faith and woman! how I should exult at the thought now! and yet when I heard him speak, I could not but believe!

He spoke! It was—the cause—the origin—the offer of earnest prayer, of trust in God, and of his never-failing providence, and I—melted not; nay, I—the stripling—the boy—hardened to him, and—believed. He loved, deeply, earnestly loved, and he was believed again; but they were both poor—he and she who swayed his whole being, and he was content. Wealth he had not, but the serene and of classic love the dross for which clouds the world sells its comforts; he was come to dwell in the humble cottage, and the hands of his fellow men heavenly themes and calm them into—money! And yet with him it was not quite so, at the time, for he had still cast a bright shade of glory even around his struggles for subsistence; an immortal soul struggling for daily bread! He, too, felt his loneliness at first, but it was sweetened by his exceeding love. Oh, how often have I listened breathlessly to his gentle voice, as he poured forth the fullness of his heart into the coldness of his affection. I thought him but an unfeeling creature, I think now that he must have been most—most but a stubborn cold heart, still so tranquilly under a faith and a woman's love.

Three long years had he wrestled with the high phantoms of the past, and waving from them all the luxuries of wealth, and—misfortune! for others as cold—unfeeling—to him so warm—so gentle—so noble; for he had cast around the icy shell of his heart a bright glow, his own love, and himself had clothed the bare bones with his living flesh, and breathed into them the breath of life and fire. He was raging! The struggle of the flesh unsanctioned by him perpetual conflict, and the body was fast yielding. Day by day he became more wasted; day by day he lingered on the verge, but he became more deeply spiritual. The tooth seldom burst more brightly as the casket which revealed it was more wasted. The cheek was in a distant land. He had not seen her for years, and heard but rarely from her—he was upheld by her ever-beyond hope where.

The time at length came when his labors were to be crowned with their due reward. As yet every hour in the unanimity and love, had achieved a victory, and the whisper of his love, he had nothing to fear, and waited calmly for the result. It was a glorious May evening when he returned to me after the toils of the day, and he walks with which he was wont to relieve the weariness of his labors. The day following was the first of June, and I, and I spoke that he contracted his visit for beyond the usual time. As he entered, he brushed hastily away a starting tear, and said, with a forced smile, that he had letters to be examined

Saturday Evening Post.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1840.

☞ THE PAPER, under its present editors and proprietors, shall be peculiarly fitted for the family circle. It shall not contain one paragraph, with the spirit of which a father would not wish to have his daughter familiar. It shall never call the blush to the cheek of innocence, or furnish material for the growth of a vicious thought. With this object in view, we shall carefully exclude OFFENSIVE OR TRIVIAL matter, as things calculated to injure the healthful influence of an honest mind—as creators of vitiated tastes demoralizing in tendency, and fearfully pernicious in effect.

Reading.

We have no disposition to keep up a continual blaster about an immense edition, and our reasons. A friend in the last, will actually say that the subscribers to the Post deem the paper worth the money. We have started with the notion "no puff—no sub-scriber without the cash." And we shall adhere to it. Finding rather a good "paying list," than to expatiate our paper over the whole country for nothing, but the sake of "bragging" of double the edition of our cotemporaries.

Another Disgraceful Outrage.

It is our painful duty to notice another disgraceful outrage on the halls of Congress, and on public journalists to record our most unqualified abhorrence of the act. It will be seen by reference to another column, that Mr. Graves of Kentucky has been desecrated by personal violence between Mr. Bynum, of North Carolina, and Mr. Garland, of Louisiana, on that the most brutal language, blows, and even knives were freely used. No American citizen can regard the frequent occurrence of such a scene but with pain and sorrow, mingled with fear. There appears to be a growing desire to spurn the restraints of the law, and even of common decency among our legislators, which every patriot must regard as a most pregnant and significant of ill. These fatal and turbulent spirit is becoming daily more prevalent and popular, in so much, that some of our highest and are no longer regarded with an eye of sincerity, but are looked upon as matters which interest the most crazy. But Henry Clay, the pet of the press as an civilized people, before the eyes of all Europe, and with what correspondent must the friends of liberty, and with what pleasure must those who are upholding the crumbling thrones of tyranny, regard every manifestation of this spirit.

We are pleased to see, that some members are determined to vindicate the honor of the House, and if the Committee appointed act with the same energy and decision, as the Committee of the Legislature of the State, in a case of somewhat similar, the offenders, will receive their just deserts. We hope that the offending party, will be expelled without the least hesitation. It is due to the insulted dignity of the representatives of the nation, and through them of that of the nation itself. A few salutary lessons like these, will teach these blustering bullies, who desire to make a figure in the eyes of the world, the necessity of changing their mode of conduct, and of behaving themselves, while they wish to endorse the representatives of the people. Let the Committee make a proper report, and let the members sustain it, and an end will be put to all these disgraceful scenes, in which so many citizens of the

The Fine Arts.

The exhibition room of the Artists' and Amateurs' association is now open at the Arcade, and contains many good, and a few fine things. One of the most exquisite pieces of sculpture we have seen in this country, is the "Dead Medusa, lately brought from Italy, by our fellow-townsman, John Stagger, Esq. Mr. Sully has two of these three pictures on exhibition, viz: the "The Student," and the "Young Mother," though not perfectly new, will repay a second visit. Mr. Leigh has a number of pictures, which do him credit, although he often carries his style of contrasting bold and brilliant colors to a fault. Mr. Inman has a number of fine heads and pictures, which we have not room to notice at present. Mr. Joseph Lesle, No. 2 Franklin Place. It contains a great amount of valuable information, and has a number of engravings of ocean steamers, and of the Silk businesses. Under all the depressions of the times a large number of persons are present-ly visiting the museum, and we hope that from the experience of our seasons at least, the gentlemanly of growing taste in the United States, will see the propriety of giving their aid and support to the business, but human nature is so constituted, that unless an article is high in value and is sought after by the fashionable, it is deemed of but comparatively little value. Tiincanoe, who a few months since were ready to embark their fortunes in the enterprise, would now rather fail than succeed.

THE CHILD HILL RESTAURANT.—This is a literary periodical, made up principally from the writings of Mrs. Child, and is published by Carter and Co. & Hill. Of the numerous articles in this number we like best the "Chair and Sofa," "The Tooth Ache," and the "Reminiscences of the Winter." Will the gentlemen recollect however, that such effectations as saying "Reuben put his arm around Rachel and kissed her," instead of "the son set," and "Cynthia," instead of the "moon" rose, have long been exploded?

ARRIVAL OF FRIEND'S ANNUAL.—A valuable annual, containing much useful information. The present number is particularly good. The price is only one dollar for more than thirty pages of closely printed reading matter. Published at 67 S. Second street.

GUIDE TO THE AMERICAN WAR.—An essay on the subject, and a history of the war, from the pen of the distinguished French historian and statesman. M. Guizot, will shortly be published by Messrs. Carey & Hart.

THE CASKET for April.—Quite a pretty little Magazine, with some choice selections, and a neat executed wood cut. It is united with Graham's, and will be sent to subscribers.

FRITH FARLEY'S FAREWELL.—This admirable poem for children, has taken the lead of the "penny fables" in a work under the above title.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.—We are pleased to learn, has already passed into a second edition.

Disgraceful.—A Fight in the House of Representatives.

One of the most disgraceful scenes ever enacted in a Hall of Legislation, has just taken place in the House of Representatives at Washington, which will cast the name of the House of Representatives of Wednesday, to the regret of the proceedings of that day's session.

Mr. Underwood, of Ky. immediately moved for the appointment of a Select Committee. He said that the nation would not tolerate such conduct. He proposed a committee of five to investigate the cause of the quarrel. The motion was unanimously seconded.

The Speaker announced the committee as follows: Mr. Underwood, of Ky. Mr. Butler, of Ky. Mr. Briggs, of Mass. Mr. Clifford, of Maine, and Mr. Cooper, of Ga. who were instructed to take order immediately in reference to the outrage.

We hope the House will have regard enough for its own dignities, to expel the members who were concerned in this scandalous breach of decency. It is time that such acts were stopped with the reprobation they deserve, and their authors made to feel the consequences in their most sensitive.

NEW WORKS.

THE WORKS OF MRS. HEMANS, with a Memoir by her Sister, and an Essay on her Genius, by Mr Ingraham.—We need only say, that we are gladed to see the works of the first of poetess of our language, at last issued in a form worthy of their beauty and popularity. The edition of them now before us is one of the best specimens of American enterprise we have ever seen, and rivals in the silvery clearness of the large coordinate type even the best samples of the celebrated Bulfantyne press. We can confidently say that the public will not be bunkoured in exalting themselves of what is so honest mind—as creators of vitiated tastes demoralizing in tendency, and fearfully pernicious in effect.

CITY NEWS.

DIRECTION OF FREIGHTS.—The Transportation Company from Philadelphia to the West held a meeting on the 17th inst. and resolved to reduce their rates to a corresponding ratio with the reduction of tolls by the Canal Commissioners. "A statement is given below of the reduction of the tolls on the lines between Philadelphia and the West, and also of the reduction made by the transportation, viz:

	Reduction of tolls per 100 lbs.	Reduction of freight per 100 lbs.	Diff. in favor of Canal
	1 Jan. '40	1 March '40	
Ashtn.	5 3	91 25	91 69 33
Gulf Blocks.	4	1 50	1 75 1 81
Hollidaysb.	6	1 50	1 75 1 81
Hardware	6	1 75	1 75 1 75
Hollow and Rod Load	6	1 75	1 75 1 75
Foreign Liquors	7	1 50	1 60 1 69
Wines, Brandy & Marsh.	7	1 50	1 60 1 69
Glassware.	8	2	2 00 2 00
Iron and Steel.	8	2	2 00 2 00
Tin and Tinware.	8	2	2 00 2 00
Wool, Cotton.	8	2	2 00 2 00
Drugs and Medicines.	Auction	1 00	1 87 1 87
Groceries.	8	2	2 00 1 87

THE NAVAL COURT MARTIAL.—The Court Martial which is to assemble at our Navy Yard on the 25th May, for the trial of Commodore John D. Elliott, will be composed of Commodore Jacob Jones, President, Commodore Lewis Warrington, William M. Crane, John Downes, and James Renshaw, and Captains Chas. W. Morgan, Charles Stewart, John H. Shubrick, Geo. W. Storer as members, John M. Read, Esq. Judge Advocate.

WOMAN'S LOVE.—Marshall, who was committed for 1 year, for assaulting and beating his wife, on treatment of his wife, was admitted by the Mayor, on Saturday, to $200 bail. This was one of the earliest and repeated solicitations of the wife herself, who, notwithstanding all the cruelties she has suffered every thing at the hands of her husband, was still willing to forgive all, and restore him back to her home.

PENNSYLVANIA AND OHIO CANAL.—The completion of this work opens to the improvements of Pennsylvania the entire line of the Ohio Canal, covering three hundred miles in length, and by that channel a communication with the Northwestern States for more than fifteen hundred miles, giving to Philadelphia an advantage over New York, in point of distance, of about 200 miles, and in point of time, in the spring and fall, of from four to six weeks.

A CAUTION TO YOUNG OFFENDERS.—A little boy, aged about 10, whose parents live in the Fifth ward, was brought up at the Mayor's Office, on charge of having carelessly driven a cart against a gig, which was completely upset, and considerably shattered. The boy's name was Young. His father, poor man, will have to pay the damage. The gig belonged to Doctor Remington.

THE PRISONER'S LOT.—Harriet Aiken, the colored woman, who our readers will recollect was committed to prison on suspicion of poisoning the family of G. W. Eliott, in Exchange street, was brought before the Mayor on Saturday, for a further examination, remanded. It seems that the physicians who analyzed the contents of the stomach of Mrs. Eliott, have not yet made their report, since the case was taken.

BOAT FOUND.—The body of an unknown white man was found floating in the Schuylkill, on Saturday, at the upper part of the city. He was greatly bloated. The Coroner held an inquest. Verdict of the jury, "Death from some unknown." The body was taken to the grave house to be identified.

ROBBERY.—The house of Capt. Marks, in Fourth street below Chestnut, was entered on Monday night, and robbed of nearly the whole of the contents of the lower apartments. The robbers effected their purpose by boring two augur holes in the window shutter, and in so doing, cleanly part by the working chisels.

THE SQUATTER QUESTION.—Thomas D. Grover of the Missouri delegation, and Frank Blair, have had a partial examination, remanded. It seems that the physicians who analyzed the contents of the stomach of Mrs. Eliott, have not yet made their report, since the case was taken.

BOAT FOUND.—The body of an unknown white man was found floating in the Schuylkill, on Saturday, at the upper part of the city. He was greatly bloated. The Coroner held an inquest. Verdict of the jury, "Death from some unknown." The body was taken to the grave house to be identified.

ROBBERY.—The house of Capt. Marks, in Fourth street below Chestnut, was entered on Monday night, and robbed of nearly the whole of the contents of the lower apartments. The robbers effected their purpose by boring two augur holes in the window shutter, and in so doing, cleanly part by the working chisels.

SOUTHWARD EMIGRATION.—Thomas D

anderson arose to announce the death of his predecessor, Hugh L. White. The pastor on which he occupied, said Mr. Anderson, as a member of this holy—the distinguished station he held in the general regard in which he has been held by all who knew him, have induced me to put the resolutions I have before me.

The resolutions were adopted and the Senate adjourned.

Mr. Everett, Vt. addressed the House at length upon the merits of the civil and diplomatic bill and other questions, and was followed by Mr. Cass, of Pa. in reply to his colleague, Mr. Ogle. He addressed the House last night.

APRIL 21st 1840.

SENATE.—Mr. Richardson from the committee on private relations, made a report in answer to a memorial from Jos. S. Clayton and others of Alabama, praying for a communication by the refusal of Dixon between North and South America. Buchanan said the memorial properly belongs to the President of the United States, and it referred accordingly.

Mr. Preston presented a memorial from Michigan asking for the release of Wm. Mackenzie, now in prison at Rochester, N. Y. The memorial was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

Mr. Norvell called up his bill allowing the claim of Michigan one hundred thousand acres of public lands for the construction of a Ship Canal around the Falls of St. Marie.

HOUSE.—The House at one o'clock, went into Committee of the whole for the consideration of Civil and Diplomatic Bill.

Mr. S. Sumtall had been alluded to last evening by Mr. Bronson, of Mass. who referred to the Hartford Convention, and in there having a direct bearing upon the subject before the House.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

per annum. $2 if paid in advance—$1.25 in advance

Subscriptions received to fund their letters addressed to the Editor. The name of the State in which each subscriber resides must be written with their names and the paper will be taken from the Post Office unless postage is paid.

Subscriptions will not be received at the end of the current half year's term, and then only at the option of the Editor. Notice of which should be given at the end of the half year.

Advertisements not exceeding a square will be inserted once for $1 and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion which it is difficult to keep accurately correct. Those exceeding a square will be charged in proportion. Those not having a specified time, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly. All letters relative to the paper to be post paid.

To Correspondents.

[illegible] The last letter to the last [illegible]

Ask to thank all the ye of [illegible]

Who [illegible] Every week of April.

All those wishing that wants to prove

Let [illegible] Directors of a Newspaper that has been received. It has continued passages [illegible] from the publication of anything without the consent of the Editor.

[illegible] by W E N" and the Editor [illegible] in the Post Office [illegible]

Gold and silver Coins.

The following statement, by the Director of the Mint, showing the fineness and value of the gold and silver coins, was communicated to Congress on the 7th instant, by the Secretary of the Treasury.

	Fineness in Fine of	Value of
Gold coins—		
Pieces of 10 and 20 francs	900.5	96.66
Spanish and parts	896	96.22
Mexican	896	96.22
Peruvian	896	96.22
Chilian	896	96.22
Bolivian	896	96.22
Colombian	896	96.22
Republic of Ecuador	896	96.22
Pieces of Papayan	896	96.22
Brazilian, 1812, 20	916	98.37
" 40	916	98.37
" 6400	916	98.37
Portuguese and half	916	98.37
Pieces of 6400 reis	916	98.37
" of 1,600 reis, of 1835	916	98.37
" 1833	916	98.37
Silver coins—	Fineness in Fine of	Value of
Dollar of the peninsula	896	108.00
Dollar of Mexico	896	108.00
Dollar of Peru	896	108.00
Dollar of Chili	896	108.00
Dollar of Colombia	896	108.00
Dollar of Ecuador	896	108.00
Dollar of Papayan	896	108.00
Dollar of Brazil	896	108.00
Pieces of 960 reis	916	110.37
" 480 reis	916	110.37
" 240 reis	916	110.37
" 160 reis	916	110.37
" 80 reis	916	110.37
Dollar of 1,600 reis, of 1835	916	110.37
" 1833	916	110.37
Pieces of 800 reis	916	110.37

Murder on the High Seas.

Capt. Drew, alias Pabbs, was tried in the U. S. Circuit Court, at Baltimore, on Friday, for the murder of Wm. G. Langston, on board the ship Jane Roberts, on her passage, last August, from Baltimore to Wilmington, N. C.

It will be recollected, on board which Don had shipped as seaman, sprung aloft on her passage—of the crew were attacked with baleful fury and the mate and one seaman killed. Langston died the night days at the pump to keep head clear of wales, and some completely disabled. Drew was one of the latter—after working at the pump with one hand, and after ordered him to use both. He replied that he could not. The captain replied that if he did not, some one else must, or all must sink. He did have no man working with one hand—he then worked with both hands, but continued to grumble, and the captain told him if he did not cease grumbling, for if the others did grumble, Langston had no right to do so, and if he (Langston) could work, he (Drew) could not break his head, and continued to work, muttering to himself, but the captain heard, and after the vessel had been relieved at the pump, he came on deck, and by the cabin companion spitefully struck Langston on the head with a handspike, which fractured his skull, and he died in a few days. Drew was then put in irons, and kept so until the end of the passage, when he was delivered to the authorities at Wilmington, and by them brought to Baltimore.

The jury, after a short absence, brought in a verdict of guilty of manslaughter in the first degree.

Drew was then sentenced to be confined in the Penitentiary for the term of seven years.

GENERAL NEWS.

ROOT AND BLOODGOOD.—The St. Louis Republican, of the 6th inst. gives the particulars of a bloody affair which occurred on the 1st inst. at Bellevue, Iowa Territory. The sheriff of the county went to serve a writ on Wm. W. Brown, the keeper of a notorious public house, in which base characters and counterfeiters harbored. Brown and his gang armed themselves, and fired upon the posse, killing one and wounding several. The sheriff's party returned in the fire, and after a desperate and bloody conflict, during which the voice of Mrs. Brown was incessantly heard, cheering and urging on her husband's gang, Brown was shot dead, the front door of the house was burst open, and the gang made prisoners, with the exception of two or three, who had escaped during the fight. Two citizens were killed, (Mr. Palmer and Mr. Vaughan,) and one (Mr. Brink,) mortally wounded. Two were taken prisoners, and were to be tried the same evening by a Justice.

EXTENT OF THE FISHING INTEREST IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The annexed table is drawn from compiled from the statistical tables published by order of the Legislature of Massachusetts, and indicates the extent of the fishing interest of the Commonwealth for the year ending April 1st, 1837. The whole fishery is not included in this account.

Vessels employed in the Cod and Mackerel Fishery,	1220
Tonnage of same,	76,989
Number of quintals of Codfish caught,	510,554
Value of same,	$1,593,357
Number of barrels of Mackerel caught,	334,659
Value of same,	$1,849,941
Number of bushels of salt used in Cod and Mackerel Fishery,	837,141
Hands employed,	11,146
Capital invested,	$2,683,176

HOUSEHOLD.—The New London Gazette states that a passenger was very heroically rescued on board the steamer Rhode Island, on her trip from New York to Stonington, on Saturday night last. A lady named Ireland, and a young boy, which the captain told several of his men to take him forward; as they were carrying him over the main hatch, the boy got out of his hands between the pulleys which propel the fan to the furnaces, and both fell through into the engine among about two inches in thickness, and reached to the ancles in a most painful manner. It is thought that one or both must be amputated. The boat was instantly stopped, and every thing done that circumstances would admit, for his relief.

STEAMBOAT RACE.—A race took place on Friday, on the Hudson, between two of the N. York and Albany steamboats, for $15,000. The Utica boat had the start and continued ahead until the boats reached Hudson, the North American close to her wake, within fifteen or twenty feet. At Hudson she took on a freight, but she had hardly got out of the wake of the Albany, when the shaft of the latter broke. Had the accident occurred 6% more minutes sooner, the probability is it said, as that both boats would have been sunk, and many of the passengers probably drowned to gratify a few gamblers and loafers.

SUMMARY CURE.—At the burning of the St. John's Female Academy, at Sheriy's town, Pa. Wm a young lady, who had been so ill, that her life was despaired of. At the first alarm of fire he repaired to the spot, and after an anxious search found her in an out building, 200 yards from the house, and she herself had been in her fright, here fooled and only anticipated in a counterpane. She was immediately removed to her father's dwelling, where it was soon announced that the fright had entirely removed the disease under which she had been laboring, and she has since continued in a perfect state of health.

CLAIMS UPON MEXICO.—The President of the United States has announced the satisfaction, by both governments, of a convention between the United States and Mexico, for the purpose of finally adjusting the unsettled claims of our citizens upon Mexico. A Board of four commissioners, to be appointed by the President, will decide upon the justice of the claims. In case the Board should not agree, the matter is to be referred to the King of Prussia, who will appoint an arbitrator—should he decline the Queen of Great Britain, and in case she declines the King of Sweden and Norway.

CURSE AT HOME AND ABROAD.—Mr. Welsh remarks that, although the London papers commonly relate in peculiar and wonderful manners occurrences in lynching and murder, in France and England, which place themselves at the head of civilization and *police*, such violence and barbarism as lynching and murder, is known there than in our country. He adds. "I do not mean to dwell here on the attributes of crime which I have related. I will only remark that the American calendar fails for short of the European both in numerousness and amount."

HURRICANE IN RHODE ISLAND.—A person calling down Mary Redfield, was attempted in New York on Friday for beating Mr. M. Pierson, in consequence of which Mr. M. Pierson fell in the street, and after getting a whipping, his lady fear turned him out to be a Tom Mahon, who had been imprisoned for almost beating his wife to death, and who has now got a large to beat wife's petticoats, as a disguise. Mr. M. Pierson was entirely astounded at the discovery.

ASSASSINATION OF MOSS.—The Mobile Advertiser of the 7th inst. says: "We are grateful to state that Moss, the murderer of Mr. Hoxie, was apprehended on Sunday night near his residence in Washington county, by Mr. Hoxie's son, assisted by a few friends. Moss, on being arrested, made no resistance, but was conducted to this city, and lodged in jail."

MAY DAY.—May day at Savannah is to be celebrated in the most splendid style. Preparations for the quarter. The beautiful military corps of that city have invited their brethren in arms from various quarters of the State to participate in the festivities of the occasion. The Macon Blues and Darien Rifles have already signified their acceptance of the invitation, and will be escorted from the cars to the city by the Savannah Guards.

CHILE.—The price of freight on the Boston and Providence Railroad, has been reduced from $1 to $5 per ton. The charge to passengers had been previously reduced from $2 to $1.50.

We learn that the number of passengers from Springfield to Boston is only 8400.

BATS IN CANDLE BOX.—On Wednesday week, a candle box, newly turned, containing the body of a child, was deposited in the vault of the cemetery at Bethlehem, by some boys who were digging turf.

STEAMBOAT BURNT.—The North Branch of Pittsburgh says that the steamboat Ohio was burned to the water's edge on Tuesday night, 14th inst. at Bermuda Hundred, and a number of lives are supposed to be lost.

SUICIDE.—Mr. Seth Babbitt, of Staunton, Mass. aged about 45 years, who had been deranged for a number of years, hung himself in his room on Friday last.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.—Twenty-five thousand barrels of flour, twenty six thousand bushels of wheat, and three thousand bushels of corn were shipped last week at this port for Liverpool.

RAFTS.—An immense quantity of lumber in rafts, probably more than has descended for many years, has passed Hudson, on the Delaware, within the last two weeks.

ARREST.—A number of the workmen, who were employed from a horse a kick on the head, that fractured his skull and killed him.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT.—We learn that a Mr. Carney, an Irish woman, was crushed to death at the Camden and Amboy Railroad depot at Trenton, on Saturday last, by a horse car.

A WIDOW LADY MURDERED.—A retired widow lady, named Mrs. Hill, was murdered by a negro at Hoopstead, (L. I.) on Thursday morning last. She sended the negro for some neglect in the garden, when he killed the spade he was at work with, and struck his mistress a desperate blow, which took effect upon the upper part of her face. She fell, and fractured her scull. She screamed and fell, when the assassin struck her another blow, which alighted on the nose of the neck. Her sister hearing the cries of Mrs. Hill, went to her assistance, and was proceeding to raise her up, when the negro struck his victim another blow on the back, which it is supposed materially injured the spinal marrow. The unfortunate lady was then removed into the house, where she died in two hours. The negro was taken into custody, and the coroner's inquest found a verdict against him of "wilful murder."

MASSACRE IN TEXAS.—On the 9th of March, 65 Indians arrived at St. Antonio, for the purpose of holding a Council. They brought a little girl they had taken away a year before, and promised to restore her to their friends. Gen. Edward W. G. Cooke had them surrounded by his soldiers, and then demanded that the 11 chiefs should remain as hostages. Finding themselves trapped, the Indians fought fiercely, and in a short time 35 of them besides 2 women and 3 children were killed. The Texans lost seven. A small number escaped by the cut through the river, but Colonel Wells pursued them with a party of mounted men, and killed all, with the exception of 3 women and children. The Texans may call this glory, but it looks to us very much like a cold blooded murder.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—The Norfolk Beacon of Saturday says—We learn from passengers by the Richmond boat last evening, that the amount of the debt ascertained up to Thursday evening was $531,000.

Dabney had gone south. His friends have addressed a letter to him through the public papers advising him to return.

Greene has been again apprehended on a charge of larceny, and has trial occupied Wednesday and Thursday, and we will look out for good news hereafter.

DEATH OF A VENERABLE MATRON.—The last Princeton Whig announces the death, on the 28th ult. at the age of 84 years, of Mrs. Ann Boggs, the widow of Stark Clark, aged near 90—respected member of the Society of Friends. This aged person was the last survivor of the few, whose privilege it was to attend upon and minister to the wants of the gallant General Mercer, during the few days (7 or 8?) of extreme anguish and suffering that he survived the battle of Princeton, in which he fell mortally wounded, on the ever memorable 3d of January, 1777, with as a few rods of where she has lived more than eighty years. The house is now standing, and in which she spent a long life; it was pierced with many a ball on that eventful day.

FIRE AND SHOCKING LOSS OF LIFE.—The Medina Ohio Watch Tower of the 9th says: "The house of Samuel Neil, of Hunter, in this county, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 2d instant, and four of his children perished in the flames—Sarah, aged 17; Eliza 14; Catharine, 6; and Samuel, 4 years. All the furniture, clothing and other effects of the family, were burned, and the parents and six remaining children turned out homeless and destitute."

A DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—The Female Academy at McNeerty's Town, Pa. was entirely destroyed by fire on Thursday night. It was known by the name of St. John's Academy, and was a branch of the Emmittsburg Institution. The fire probably took with such rapidity that the young ladies were left in quite a destitute condition, few of them having escaped with more than the dress in which they were sleeping.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—The store of Messrs Butler & James King, Sr. Charleston, was destroyed by fire on Thursday night last, 16th inst and Messrs. Butler & James' dwelling house. $18,000; and that of Messrs. G. M. Roberts & Co. $2000. Mr. Otley, Lady of this city, was also considerably damaged. All of the sufferers were partially insured.

HANDSOME REMEMBER.—A gentleman lost a $500 note a few days ago in Boston, and after going to Europe, sent the amount to the note receiver from the same length of time for last year of 21,865.

SUDDEN DEATH.—A fire took place in Sidney street, Baltimore, on Wednesday. A basket of coal was carried into the house, when the cord of the basket broke, and the burse was consumed, with an infant child that was sleep in it at the time.

BURNT STEAMBOAT.—The steamboat Lewis Ludlam, belonging to the Virginia Towing Company, was burnt at Richmond on the 13th A black man, belonging to the boat, was burnt to death. The loss is estimated at $10,000.

PHARMACEUTICAL.—The people of New Haven have voted an appropriation of $3000 for the ornamenting of their already *beautiful* burying ground.—The Mason Horticultural Company have collected enough fire to such an extent by subscription among the citizens.

COL. CROCKETT.—Col. CT cantt's son, eldest of Congress from Tennessee, it is said, has the surest information inducing him to believe the report in relation to his father being in one of the Mexican prisons.

PAINFUL.—A few days since, Mr. Orlando Beebe, of Newfield, Tompkins county, New York, had his leg severed below the knee in an attempt to adjust the machinery of a threshing mill. He expired four hours after the accident.

DROWNED.—Jonathan Jordon, an Indian, and one of the Oneida delegation in wait on the President of the United States, fell from the steamboat Rensellow, on her passage down the North River, and was drowned.

THE STEAM SHIP GREAT LIVERPOOL.—It is said that this vessel has been purchased by the British Government, for a mail packet up the Mediterranean.

SCALDED TO DEATH.—A child was scalded to death at Easton on Saturday by the accidental spilling on it, by its mother, of a kettle of boiling water.

STARVED TO DEATH.—A man named Clarkson, on the evening of the 7th, stabbed a comrade of his, named Moore Parks, at a house of ill-fame, in Nashville, so that he died instantly.

FEMALE MARRIAGE.—A woman paper informs us that forty marriages occurred in one small county in Mississippi, in the course of six days. The parties were all slave at the same time.

ORDINATION.—The Protestant Episcopal Missionary Church in St. Louis, was consecrated by Bishop Kemper on the 12th inst.

ANOTHER MARRIED MAN.—Gen. Washington's Head Quarters in 1775, at Cambridge, Mass. has been destroyed by fire.

SMALL BEER ON FIRE.—The steamboat Uncas lying at Cincinnati took fire on the 13th inst. and was nearly destroyed. Loss $5000.

MURDER.—We g ther the following particulars of a shocking murder from a Belleville paper. A man named Smith, keeper of a small grocery, being shot to learn h me, bid some gold and silver money in his cellar. On his return he found it had been stolen, and his suspicions were fixed on a man named West, who frequented his house. West was tried and acquitted of the crime, but a warrant having been procured to search his house, Smith accompanied the officer for that purpose. West ordered Smith off his premises, and took up a musket to compel him to go, when Smith drew a pistol and shot him dead.

Smith was arrested but bailed in the sum of 1200 dollars. The editor of the Belleville paper alludes to the increase of crime of this sort, and condemns the magistrate who accepted such small bail, and adds:—"Who knows but the worthy justice himself may be the next victim."

AN EXPEDITION.—A company is forming in Hendon for the purpose of opening a trade between Santa Fe and that place. We learn from those who are the principal movers, that the persons of capital. No man is to be interested unless he is willing to endure the toil, and brave the dangers of living the journey to some never before trodden by a white man—of making a way through an unknown, and it may be, absent inhospitable region. The number to constitute the company will be one hundred. The enterprise promises to be important in its results; and if crowned with success, will open a new and vast branch of trade with Mexico.

RELIGIOUS MOVEMENTS IN INDIA.—In North India," writes the Bishop of Calcutta, "arrestors now struggle here with spiritual destitution motors. There are about 4000 inquirers. The number baptised is over 1000. The demand for teachers and books once an extent of 80 miles from Hongly to the Jellaghs. One day my self and yesterday in the village of Joy (Ananda Bas,) in wealth, as my honored predecessor, Bishop Heber, did in 1828 at Trichinopoly, 'a party of ordinary life.'"

LEAD MINES IN NEW YORK.—Lead mines, the ore of which appears to be very valuable, have been recently opened in Shawangunk mountains, near the village of Wurtsboro, N. Y. The south ing works are on the east bank of the Hudson and Delaware Canal. Experiments have been obtained from Switzerland, and from their knowledge of the business, the advantageous location and abundance of the ore, and the good quality of the lead, there can be but little doubt of the success of the undertaking.

DARING NAVY.—The Dutch navy at present consists of 6 sail of the line, carrying in all 486 guns; 7 frigates with 812 guns; 4 corvettes with 96 guns; 5 brigs with 54 guns, and 4 schooners with 20 guns; total, 25 vessels of war with 964 guns. Independent of these there are 3 cutters and 23 armed boats. One sail of the line and one frigate, out of the above number, are still on the stocks.

BOUNDARY QUESTION.

ANOTHER WAR RUMOR.—The Buffalo Commercial of Tuesday says:—"A gentleman of this city, who arrived in town this morning from Toronto, says that just before he left that place, a government express came in from Montreal with the news that a collision had taken place on the Northeastern boundary, between a small detachment of British troops and the armed posse of Maine, in which several on both sides were killed, and among the number was a son of the Duke of Wellington. Great excitement, it is said, prevailed at Toronto.

The story seems to us incredible, or at least very much exaggerated, but it comes in such a shape that we shall wait with some anxiety for further intelligence."

NEW BRUNSWICK.—The session of the Legislature of New Brunswick closed, on the 31st ult. with a speech from Lieut. Gov. Sir John Harvey in allusion to the subject of the differences with the United States, Sir John remarked that "the danger of further disturbance has greatly diminished, if not wholly vanished, in consequence of the prudent course adopted by our more immediate neighbors of Maine. He referred the rest of the boundary dispute wholly in the hands of the General Government of the United States."

THE SILK CULTURIST.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

KNOWING that the subject of Silk is one of interest to many of your readers, I have taken the liberty enclosing you a copy of a statement on the Silk Culture, which I have published in the North American. Should you deem it correct, a great deal toward advancing the Silk cause might be effected by re-publishing it more public.

J. D. B.

PHILADELPHIA, March 14, 1840.

At the request of several of our friends, who in consequence of their having engaged last spring in the Multicaulis speculation, have at present on hand large quantities of trees, I will show how advantageous a change the conditions of our markets may undergo by giving, from actual experience, a statement of the profit to be derived from one acre of ground planted with trees. I will also make a few remarks immediately connected with the Silk Culture.

The sad predicament into which the multicaulis speculators find themselves, makes it my duty of pointing out to them the means of not only making up for their losses and mistakes, but also of establishing out of it a permanent profit. Idle industry, of following my advice, they abandon their rash pretensions of planting in one year what requires several to accomplish.

Had it been declared up to this day whether Silk could be raised, and that to advantage, on the soil of the United States, and especially of Pennsylvania, on account of the false hints upon which ignorance and quackery have pretended to undertake to carry on this important branch of agricultural and manufacturing industry, its promising successes and immediate profits; a host of facts would now tell us that silk can be produced in any part of the Union, and that every reasonable expectation of gain has been realized, and often been surpassed. Those who have experienced disappointment in raising the worms, owe it to their embarking in the business without any proper knowledge or correct information, and too quick to believe the golden tales; never took the necessary trouble of making the suitable preparations to accommodate the worms, and to have them under-tak to feed. There is not the least shadow of doubt as to the possibility of producing silk with the best results, and also that the most solid ground to believe it a fact. What I advised in 1826, and also in 1835 and '36, as the first necessary step is now coming into notice. We have plantations of mulberry trees to almost any number, and but only difference at the present day is that we can and must commence at once on a large scale, there being no end a fail speculation before us.

Let those who have trees unite together, and form companies to build reeleries, and feed large quantities of silk worms, and believe three years have expired, (time during which the state bounty on cocoons and raw silk is to be continued,) not only the first outlay will be refunded, but that they will have established on a solid foundation the effectual production of the *richest staple of America*, giving profitable employment to all the members of farmers' families for ages to come.

13,000 Multicaulis set out 24 feet apart, will plant one acre of ground: at the rate of 3 ounces of foliage for each tree, they will supply 39,000 pounds, sufficient to feed 130,000 worms, which, at 3 pounds of cocoons per pound of cocoons, which will reel 30 lbs. raw silk.

Premium on 300 lbs. cocoons, 30 cents per lb.	$60 00
Premium on 30 lbs. raw silk, 50 cents per lb.	15 00
30 lbs. raw silk, at $5 25 cents per lb.	157 50
	$232 50
Deducting for all expenses, calculated at the highest rate,	132 50
Leaves a clear profit of from one acre of ground.	$100 00

Operating on a scale of 10 or 40 acres, I suppose it might be easy to reduce the expenses to one half, making a saving on 40 acres of $2000 which I deem sufficiently to pay for the buildings.

I remain yours, respectfully,

CHAS. DU BOURCK.

HAIR.—There is nothing like a good head of hair to set off a man's pate. As the poet says—

"No tree nor man, which curious culture knows
To hang together his head, and clothes."

To be sure a bald head is becoming enough on a judge or a minister, for he looks grave and venerable, and there it may be an unerring evidence of wisdom, yet it is a decisive proof that the individual is not hair brained. Young persons, especially young beaux and belles, are either averse to a premature disinclement of their roofs, and he who offers a remedy to preserve that important ornament, must be looked upon in the light of a benefactor. And such an one is Dr. JAYNE, whose HAIR TONIC has done wonders in restoring the hair out of the barren spots, and preventing its falling off. There is no quackery about this article. We have seen evidences of its efficacy. A gentleman who has been bald for a number of years, by the use of this Tonic, has got quite a flourishing growth on the late waste place. Those whose hair, like false friends, is leaving them, will find this an excellent preventative. To young beaux who aspire to lushy whiskers, this Tonic must be invaluable—and to young ladies, who would preserve their glossy ringlets, it must be the great desideratum.—*Portland Transcript.* 11.

MONEY MARKET &c.

The improvement in our Stock Market, for several weeks past, still continues and securities of the best description have become scarce that scarce. U. states Bank Post Notes are taken freely at 6 per cent.

The sales of stocks continue to a fair extent, almost exclusively at the Stock Exchange Sale Room, which is now daily crowded with buyers and sellers. The sales of the past few days would lead one to conclude that the business of the country is improving to considerable extent, as the sales are not confined to any one stock, but to day and more to morrow, according as the fancy or caprice of buyers or sellers have the control of the market. The investments in our city stocks, one or two years, are of considerable, as he is much to be desired.

The Western boats are all ready to depart, the ice having been cut for the last fortnight and may be considered entirely gone—the navigation of the Ohio and Mississippi and other connecting waterways which has been done since has been unusually early, and will be of great pecuniary importance to this state. The storm now raging will not, though so far as Philadelphia is concerned.

The following is the New York daily price current, reported for the Public Ledger, March 14, 1840.

RATES OF STOCKS,

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending March 14, 1840.

Reported by a Member of that Board for the Saturday Evening Post.

		price	sold for	per
1327	shares Chartered United States Bank,	99		
45	do. Philadelphia Bank,	99a100	100	
10	do. Far & Mec. Bank,	99		
60	do. Girard Bank,	95@97	96	
100	do. Northern Liberties Bank,	97		
50	do. Spring Garden Bank,	7	7.50	
50	do. Kensington Bank,	97		
50	do. Commercial Bank,	97		
50	do. N. Delaware Bank,	95	100	
50	do. Com. & Rail Road Bank,	97@98	97	
50	do. Lancaster Bank,	97		
50	do. Farmers' Bank,	97		
50	do. Bank of Penn Township,	97		
50	do. Exchange Bank,	97		
50	do. Chamber & Co.	97		
200	do. Phil. Wil. & Balt. R.R.	60@61	60	
50	do. Schuylkill Nav. Co.	97		
50	do. Allentown Fire Ins.	97		

☞ The Rev. THOMAS H. STOCKTON, will preach in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Arch street above Eleventh, to-morrow (Sunday) at 10 o'clock A. M. and 7½ o'clock P. M.

MARRIED,

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. F. Kennedy, Mr. JAMES HARRISON to Miss MARY ANN, daughter of the Township, all of this city.

On the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, Mr. JOHN FOX & Miss ELIZABETH, daughter of Mr. Thomas Bradley, all of this city.

On the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, Mr. JOHN BROWN, Mr. CHARLES SMITH & Miss ELIZABETH, daughter of Mr. Thomas Bradley, all of this city.

On Saturday Morning 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, Mr. WILLIAM H. MARSHALL to Miss ELIZABETH, daughter of Mr. Thomas Bradley, all of this city.

On Thursday evening 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, Mr. JOHN W. CRAWFORD

THE CHIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

THE OPOSSUM.

One warmth of an animal that will outstrip a hare or hound.
Two points of an animal cast as Nine Belmont doth abound.
Three teeth of a flower that set gentlemen ashamed.
Four quarts of a fruit that in Sodom doth grow.
Five points of a fruit that in India doth produce.
Six accents of what always in a woman is admired.
Seven fifth of what every love in reality prefers.
One author, a celebrated American author.
One fifth of a candid and very valuable book.
One fourth of a beau who heavily faced the British Foe.
Two fourths of a king the most beside ever reign'd.
Two ninth of a plant that grows in many parts of Asia.
One tenth of a fruit that in Mexico is found.
One eighth of what all physicians are anxious to obtain
One seventh of a general who gain'd a famous battle,
One tenth of a town where Pennsylvania gentlemen of rank great renown.
Our fifth of a gem that is found in the isles of Japan
Divide number of you Four times before right they will
Constitute a president that you and every person ought
To vote for, April 8th, 1840.

THE UNKNOWN GOD.—Paul, preaching at Athens, beat the cunning Athenians with their own weapons. They had a law, that any who preached strange gods, should suffer death. When this was urged against the apostle, he pointed to the altar "to the unknown God," and said—For, as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, "To the unknown God;" whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you." He could not be prosecuted under the law, for he preached a god to whom he found an altar. This circumstance, I have always regarded as a sort of providential interposition in favor of the Christian religion, as well as an instance of Paul's extreme address in taking advantage of everything that would lead to the advancement of his cause. Although, at several other places in Greece and Asia Minor, there were altars "to the unknown God," as no other, I believe, was there such a law as that at Athens, prohibiting the setting up of strange deities.

AN AWKWARD ANNOUNCEMENT.—Lady A. and her daughter having been much annoyed by the ill-behaved conduct of a country body of a servant, who would persevere in giving in their names as the Right Hon. Lady A. and the Hon. Miss A.* hoping to rub him seriously to look, and desire that, in future, he would mention them as simply Lady A. and plain Miss A. Their astonishment may be conceived when they found themselves obliged to the letter, and December House was declinded by the intelligence that *simple Lady A and plain Miss A.* were "coming up."

MAKE A "GOOD DAY."—What—A populist politician declared that he believed he could do a great part of his success to his *daily address.*

"How so?" asked a friend.

"I mean," replied the other, "offend the lemocratic phrase by saying 'good morning,' when he has dined, nor the conventional pearlessness by saying 'good afternoon' before he has done so."

What then?"

"I say 'good-day,' and thrive by it."

PERSEVERANCE.—"Sir," said a creditor, rudely rousing to collect a bill, "can you not name a time when you will be ready to pay it?"

"Now, my dear fellow, don't ask troublesome questions. Call to-morrow—call to-morrow."

"Call to-morrow! Sir, I have called on you every day for the last eighteen months!"

"Persevere, persevere, my dear fellow; perseverance is the most valuable of virtues."

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.—Boccaccio was thirty five years old when he commenced his studies in polite literature. Yet he became one of the three great masters of the Tuscan dialect. Dante and Petrarch being the other two. How common it is among us for young *youngers* than Boccaccio, who are dying of envui and regret that they are not enlisting to 1 ons for literature, supposing that they are too old.

A CUTTING REPLY.—A charitable divine, for the benefit of the country where he resided, constructed a large causeway, and he he was one day overtaken by a wealthy, purse proud gentleman.

"Well, doctor," said he, "notwithstanding your pious and charity, I don't take that to be the highway to heaven." Every true, my lord," replied the doctor, "for if it had, I should have wondered to meet your lordship on it."

STAGE DIALOGUE.—*Scene, a Dry Goods Store.*—Port shopman in attendance. Enter Miss Lucy confident. *Lucy.* Have you any blond lace, sir? *Shopman.* How high do you intend to go, ma'am? *Lucy.* To the top of the shelf, sir—if all I am seated.

TENDER WORK.—A beggar at Dublin had been a long time besieging an old, gouty, hunch gentleman, who refused his suit with much irritation. "Only three words, sir—three words!" "Ah, plan your house, I wish your heart was as tender a your tone."

COMMENTARIES.—Bentley's Miscellany gives the following illustration of Irish combative ness: "Only three words, sir—three words!" Dong brook fair, and duel, a fight yet! Will any body have the kindness to *treat on the tail of my coat?*

COLDBAR.—Coleman, walking with a friend one day, saw a pipe of wine which had fallen from a several stony, and which was very much broken. "Ah me!" said his friend, "there's a great loss." "Loss!" said Coleman, "on the contrary, on the contrary, I smell it: it is only a *stone pipe.*"

GOOD.—"Jar devil says," that we publish the best paper on the Eastern Shore."—"Smiths paper."

We've always heard the devil was the father of all lies.—*Cape Times.*

PATRIOTISM.—I suppose," said one elector to another, "you're going for ——, as you did before." "I don't know that I shall vote that way." "For how many dressed to my mind at the last election dinner."

A CURIOUS RESOLUTION.—The Legislature of Pennsylvania, in 1815, passed a resolution that "no member thereof should come to the House *barefoot, or eat his bread and cheese on the steps.*"

A FREEMAN'S TOAST.—At a late festival by the firemen of Detroit City, an engineer, Francis Lefevre, gave the following toast.

The Ladies—The only incendiaries who kindle a flame which none will extinguish.

LOVE.—Sam Slick says that getting to love is somewhat like getting drunk. the more a fellow loves the more he wants to. Rum knows a thing or two.

A TOAST EXTRA.—There is an editor in Iowa, of the name of Turtle. I wonder whether he is a green turtle, a mud turtle, or a soft shelled turtle?

FASHION.—The dress of an English dandy, about one hundred years since, consisted of a black velvet coat, a green and silver waistcoat, yellow breeches and blue stockings.

FRANCES ANNE.—An Arkansas paper wishes to know "what the poor Indians will do when the Buffaloes disappear." We suppose they will have to *beef it.*

COURT FASHION.—Hello, Sam! what you do dat for? "Fashion." "Well, was dat you got in you' mouf?" "Nuth'n but some sa'sa dat boil."

The English heard that on the dominions of the Queen of Spain British ale sells better out. So may the ground of a coal pit.

A BEAR STORY.

"What an infernal lie" growled Daniel.

"No lhare my dembs!" suggested the nonnoticed Peter Tobacco, with all the solemnity of a man who knows his situation: at the same time shaking his head and spitting like a tapper.

"Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha!" roared all the rest of the boys together.

"Is he done?" asked Raynor Rusk.

"If my canny sticks was them 'en?" cried hog John, putting in his unusual lingual ear.

"That story puts me in mind," said Venus Raynor, "about what I've heard tell on Ebenezer Smith, at the time he went down to the north pole on a whaler voyage."

"Now look out for a sarcamer," laughed out Raynor Rusk, re filling his pipe. "Stand by, Mr. Cypress, to let the chaff go."

"Is there any thing uncommon about that place, Venus?"

"Uncommon:' well, I expect it's putty smart and uncommon for a man to go to sea with a bear, at Christmas, on a basin of ice. Well Smith's women used to say she couldn't bear to think on't."

"I can't see the whole of that, Venus," said Ned, "that is, if it is true. Mine was—the whole of it,—although Peter has his doubts."

"I can't tell as any one has Zeph can; but I've no jections to tell it my way no how. So, here goes—that's great brandy, Mr Cypress." Turee was a gurgling sound of "something running."

"Well, they was down into Baffin's Bay, or some other o' them cold Norwegian bays at the North, where the rain freezes as it comes down, and stands up in the air, on winter mornens, like great mountens o' ice, all in streaks. Well, the schooner was layen at anchor, and all the hands was out into the small boats, lookes for whales, —all except the capting, who said he wa'n't well enough well that day. Well, he was shut up and down, on deck, smoken and thinken, I expect, mostly, when all of a sudden he reckoned he see one o' them big white bears—polar bears, you know—as thunder—with long teeth. As reckoned he see one on 'em wilmopen along on a great cake o' ice, and he was a comen right on to the ship. Well, the cap'n wanted to kill one o' them utmost wonderful, but he never lucked to get a chance. Now that he thought, the time had come for him to walk into one on 'em at least, and fix his mettle for him right. So he ran right forard and lay under a small skiff that was layen near the fore'stal, and run his feet out and launched her. Then he tuk a drink, and—here's how!—waved out to a stiff load of powder, a ma'sh, and pellet, and jumped in, and pulled away for the ice.

"He wa'nt long 'fore he got 'crost the bay, for it was a narrer piece o' water—not more nun half a mile wide—and then he got out on to the ice. He was a scant and large o' size, and the bear was a comen down to the tother end to it, by the edge o' the water. So, he walk'd out strait along, and then when he got putty near, he walked right forard and stood still. Well, if he was driven for a plain player—so that the bear would'n think he was comen arter him—he'd a been frightened nuther on him. Well, if he was driven for a plain player—so that the bear would'n think he was comen arter him—he'd a been frightened nuther on him. Well he kept still and know, low down, mostly. Well, the bear didn't seem to mind him none, and he got up putty near, he walked right forard and stood still. He raised so savage and big—the bear did—that he captain stopped and raded on his knee, and he kept still and low down, and he walked along. But just then the bear turned round and snuffed up the captain—just as one o' Lil's bonnie snuffs up an old buck, Mr. Cypress,—and then he walk'd round him, and smelt him. He come along, the captain said, clump, clump, clump, very slow, and made the ice crack agin under him, so that the water come up putty nigh to wetted it all over. Well, there the captain was all the time squat on his knees, with his gun pointed—him for the varmint—and the bear he come and ings were mighty cold by means of it, and it was time that the bear-in on the ice as I was ordinens. At last the bear mentioned to the captain in mind to see how the captain would taste, and so he left off within slow, and started off on a smart and swift lost, right into the side of the ship with his mouth wide open, roarer, and his tail sticken out stiff. The captain kept still, lookes at all the time putty sharp, I should say, 'till the beast got within about ten yards of the ship, and then he let loss bare it. He aimed right at the fleshy part of his heart, but the bear turned his head at the last, and the ball went into his two-hind legs, just by the gut, one cute nash, and broke the thigh bones smash off, so that he went right down all, on the ice, thump on his hind quarters, with nothen standen but his fore legs and his head rit up, a growlen at the captain. When the old man see him down, and tryen to to slide along the ice to get his revenge, likely, thinks he to himself, thinks he, I might as well get out and finish him off on critter's throat. So he tuk out his knife and opened it. But when he started to git up, he found to his extonishment, that he was held fast by the captin in the attachment of the ice and there warn't no use in the crossing. The bear he come in my mind well-bred children, with clean and gladsome faces; and elder sisters with neat kerchiefs, smiling lips, and ringlets, *a la belle.*

She shrinked from Nature's wild and exalted flowers, Which ever trample down in the path of the hours.

An author whose name I have forgotten, lends me this sentiment:—Never give your affections to a girl who chooses her love for flowers." Philosophy has not always been in the right. Innocence and purity have ever been typified by flowers, and does not love of an attribute lead to a fondness for its emblem? The love of flowers is the unsophisticated heart, an inherent love for those beautiful children of the sunshine. Flowers to what end are they strewn along our pathway? Wherefore are they made—for they add not to man's physical comfort—if there is nothing in the spiritual nature to which they minister? There is such a principle—the flowers are not made in vain. What do the dog, geranium, so fondly nursed in the cottage city, denote, but the native love of flowers, and a pining for their coarse companionship?

Yes, the spirit has a chord, which, of strong or slight vibration responds to the touch of the beautiful in nature's beauty; and I am willing to believe, that the same sympathy of feeling, which leads to blossoming flowers, to their purity, extends to things inanimate, as well as to spirits of happiness, and binds loveliness into one great consolidation.

A poet has a thought which falls in with this notion:

> And as such a flower am I,
> Would fearless but artless be,
> If in nature they could not meet
> Their shadowy place.

It is a German fancy that the angels love the flowers, and when upon the earth make them their abiding place.

> Around them does go, to the white bosom near
> A company, for spirits need no angel at there;
> And angels shall rock them on roses to sleep.

Alas! they are all in their graves, the gentle race of flowers!

Are sleeping in their lonely beds with the good and fair of more.

How solemnly does every thing around remind man of his fallen estate! The sentence of death has passed upon all things; and the flower withers in the midst of beauty. Well, there is a better land, where the spirit of loveliness shall dwell for ever, where fragrance shall ascend as incense, from flowers which can never fade!

When the heart is cheered at the altar, a fortunate hour sometimes comes and consumes it, as token that it is accepted.

Field Flowers.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet, wildings of Nature, I love upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth lisped around me with fairy delight,
And when dancing and singing I chased the butterfly all night,
Like innocence all love and gold.

I care not for plucking me back into dreams
Of the love Highland laddie, or the sighing streams,
And of broken girdles breathing their balm,
While the star that was glittering in midheaven did seem
And the deep mellow gush of the wood pigeon's note,
To be the sweetest music that ever was to the ear.

Not a posture, song has a pleasanter tone
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June
Of old raptures causing a thrill,
When I thought it delightful your bonnets to find,
When the mingle of Nature first breathed on my mind
And your blossoms were part of her spirit.

Even now what affections the violet awakens;
What loveliness circles the rose, blushing queen!
Can the wild water lily restore
What landscape I see in its tranquil lake,
And what pictures of by-sided and sedgeway brooks,
In the violets that tangled their nests;
Earth's sweetest flowers are wasted,
Are the fever of passion, or ague of fear,
Had scathed my existence's bloom,
Once I wandered forgetful their presence to mourn,
With the censure of youth to commune with me.
And I smile as I wander up on you again.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

From Fathers of Early Life

The Poor Scholar.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

The son of the poor is fond of the pursuit of knowledge."

About twenty years since, there lived, in the city of Boston, a poor, but industrious widow, named James Turner. Born in an humble station, and to an inheritance of want, it was only by incessant exertion that he could provide food for his large family. From the earliest dawn until the lingering twilight had faded from the sky, his swift shuttle was heard, and the neighbors often wondered, that, amid the unceasing toil and his wife's numerous household cares, they could yet find time to "train up, in the way they should go," these two fine, healthy children. Four daughters and three sons were gathered around Turner's frugal table; and when he looked upon them, and thought how large was the debt for every comfort depended upon the labor of his hands, he was constantly stimulated to fresh exertion. The children were sent to school at an early age; and, certain that the best return which parents among the lower classes of Ireland, the girls are taught to read, only, while the education of the boys is of a more practical character. Their moral and religious duties were learned from the precepts and example of their parents. Poor Turner's days were devoted to labor, and his attentive to their studies, obedient to their parents, industrious in their habits, and, *with one exception*, remarkable only for their careful observance of all their duties

The exception to which I have alluded, was the conduct of his second son. Duncan Turner had been a sickly child, from infancy, and as he grew older, he seemed likely to want that most essential of all blessings to a poor man—the gift of health. He was not deficient in mind; quite the reverse; shoulders and uncertain gait of an habitual invalid; but, as if to compensate for his bodily weakness, when they first took their books in hand, his intellectual attainments. His brothers were sturdy, robust fellows, who hated school, and would have much rather played truant, had they not feared their father's inflexible sense of duty. But that feeling, which ever prompts the strong to protect the weak, made them cheerfully share the tasks imposed on Duncan, and there seemed to be a tacit understanding between the boys, that each should, in his own way, contribute to the family fund. Their strength, Duncan was always wanted; but his brothers could wrestle, or draw the bow, or pitch quoits, better than any other boys in school, and all he could do, was to learn his lessons perfectly. "I'm sure it's a blessed thing to be the pride of the family," was the secret thought of more than one of his brothers; for there is perhaps, no country in the world, where learning is more highly valued in theory, and more generally neglected in practice, than in Ireland.

By the time that the brothers were ready to quit school and apply themselves to the various trades that their father designed for them, Duncan had entirely completed the education which he considered necessary for the gentleman's life. His circle of knowledge, and was looked upon as a perfect prodigy of learning. But the boy felt that he had not completed the object of his desires of science, to acquire her unspeakable thirst. He had learned just enough to convince him that there was nothing so much worth knowing as could be known; and, like the Indian, when boiling a rock, accidentally discovered the existence of a silver mine, the rich ore which lay hidden in the mountain, was of more value in the eyes of the richer treasures that were hidden from his view. His feeble frame instilled him for the career laid out for him by his parents, and he had been long determined, that Duncan should take his place at the loom. But the reputation as a scholar, which he had so hardly acquired, in his narrow sphere, aroused his father's ambition, and it was finally decided, that he should receive a liberal education, for a profession which could be procured by his father's limited means.

There was at that time, a celebrated school in Dublin, patronised by all the gentry of the place, which, by a condition in its charter, was obliged to admit a certain number of free pupils, every year. The terms, however, had been so wisely designed by its founder to afford the means of knowledge to the poor, had been for many years neglected by all but the children of wealth; for it seems to be placed on the list of free pupils, and receiving as a donative the amount of money due to the benefactor's bounty. Here the boys of the forty were therefore delivered from all its advantages, and it had become entirely an institution for the rich. Unconscious of the object which had given rise to the liberal charity, the trustees of the school was founded, it became the cherished wish of poor Duncan's heart, to be admitted as a free boy. He knew that his father could not afford the heavy burden of his support, while he should also be enabled to clothe his thirst for knowledge at any other institution, and he felt that he was sufficiently to the accomplishment of his scheme, but an assistant which seemed just to him in the form of a liberal gift. Could he but gain admission to the school, it became the cherished wish of his heart